18.1

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN AT New-Market,

Giving a Full and True

ACCOUNT

Of the Dreadful

FIRE

That began there on *Thursday* the 22d of this instant *March*, about Nine of the Clock in the Evening.

Entred according to ORDER.

SIR,

I Am very sorry that for the kind News you sent me last Week, I should make so lamentable a return, as the Relation of the Fire which happened last Night: I have endeavoured, as much as the shortness of the time would permit, to inquire into the particulars thereof; and partly by what I saw my self, and partly by what I heard from those that were concerned, I think I am able to give you a faithful and satisfactory Account of it, which take as followeth:

Last

Laſt Night, about Eight of the Clock, one of the Black-Guard that lay in a Lords Stable (near that Houſe where the *Morocco* Ambaſſador lay when here) went to Bed, and not taking care of his Candle, it took hold of the Straw, ſo that about Nine of the Clock the Flames broak out and appeared abroad, and the Wind blowing very hard at South West, it burn'd ſo very furiouſly upwards in the Town, that at this preſent the better half of the Town is Burned down. That ſide of the Town where the Kings Houſe ſtands, is not touch'd. Moſt of the cheif Inns (as the *George*, the *Kings-Head*, and the *Sword* and *Hand*, where His Majeſties Guards lay) are conſumed: And notwithſtanding the great endeavours that were uſed for the ſuppreſſion of it, it is judged there are upwards of One Hundred Houſes Burn'd down. Three or Four Children are miſſing, which are ſuppoſed to be burnt; and ſeveral Men are Killed, and many Wounded in endeavouring to put a ſtop to it. Many of the Horſes are turn'd looſe upon the Heath, and great is the confuſion here upon this diſmal Accident. The Gentlemen Harbingers are gone to *Cambridge*, to provide Lodgings for the Court, which will be there this day, where His Majeſty will make a ſhort ſtay, till his Coaches be got in readineſs, and then intends for *London*, where I ſhall be glad to ſee you, and tell you how much I am yours,

J. S.

New-Market,
Friday *Morning three of the Clock*,
23*d. of* March, 1683.

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